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February 19, 1962,

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

A First Little Candle

★ A year ago in Philadelphia Judge Ganey sentenced General Electric, Westinghouse and the other electrical manufacturers in the biggest anti-trust case in history. Far more dramatic things are going on this week – Khrushchev's call for an 18-nation "Summit," astronaut Glenn's attempt to get off the ground and U-2 pilot Gary Powers' hide-and-seek with the press. Also George Romney has completed the longest political count-down in history in Michigan, and Gen. Edwin Walker has thrown his martyr's crown into the ring in Texas. But you will just have to pardon us as we light a first little candle on the anti-trust birthday cake.

At this time a year ago GE spokesmen were pooh-poohing the effects of the decision in the conspiracy case in which it had pleaded "guilty." Few of those injured were going to bring triple damage suits, GE public relations men said, because "fair value had been provided" in spite of conspiracies. Actually so many suits have been entered (1500 so far) that Chief Justice Warren last week set up a special panel of judges to prevent the Federal courts from being overwhelmed. (NY's Consolidated Edison alone asks $65 million.) The Justice Department charged that collusive bids had affected $7 billion in apparatus sales, 1956-60. Suits will run for years.

From its pre-conviction stock market peak Westinghouse has now lost about a billion dollars of paper values; General Electric about a billion and a half. Furthermore, a brand new Justice Department inquiry is going on into a conspiracy field not covered in the original suits – electric motors. This may be Chapter II of the great scandal.

How do stockholders react to such disclosures? There is a pleasing myth that you and I control these giant companies; it is part of the charming American folklore! At the annual GE stockholders' meeting last April a few noisy soreheads did complain, but fortunately for decorum's sake the respectable, right-thinking management overwhelmed these radicals with an avalanche of proxies. After all, the men at the top hadn't known what had been going on under their noses for 10 or 20 years . . .

The top men at GE are Ralph Cordiner, respectable chairman of the board, who gets around $300,000, and A. F. Vinson, respectable executive vice president. While their subordinates went to jail for price rigging and collusion these two came through untouched – at least legally. They hadn't a clue, you see, to what was going on.

We are fresh on these details because we sat up til 2 a.m. one night last week reading an advance copy of the fascinating *The Gentlemen Conspirators* by John G. Fuller ($3.95; Grove Press). Messrs. Cordiner and Vinson, Fuller recalls, were dreadfully shocked by the revelations. Cordiner is noted for his appeals for free enterprise.

Four ex-GE subordinates swear under oath that Vinson knew all about the conspiracy; in fact encouraged it. They voluntarily came to Washington to take FBI lie detector tests which they all passed. Vinson says they are lying. The four have been fired; Vinson and Cordiner stay in office. Vinson declines to take the lie detector test.

Probably it was the president of the Allen-Bradley Co., a lesser conspirator, who managed to summarize the atmosphere of the affair: "No one attending the gatherings was so stupid that he didn't know the meetings were in violation of the law. But it is the only way a business can be run. It is free enterprise."

New Breed

★ We can imagine old Joe McCarthy shaking his head in some Nirvana of Demagogues and telling his companion sadly – perhaps rascally Ben Butler of Boston – that this new breed hasn't got what it takes. He is talking about Senator Strom Thurmond (D, S.C.). Thurmond is one of those Southerners with soft accents and hard eyes. You could cut the gentle speech of John Stennis, who is chairman of the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee investigating so-called "muzzling," with a cake knife; but Thurmond's accent makes Stennis sound like a Yankee. Accent and all he has been amusingly outmaneuvered. His real target was the State Department but somehow or other he found himself attacking Defense Secretary McNamara, the ex-head of the Ford Motor empire who is the chief "find" of the Kennedy Administration or, of all people, the choleric commandant of the US Marine Corps. Thurmond has not merely been clumsy; much worse he has been funny. Who but he would have asked a random batch of Marines to define "dialectical materialism"? We won't read too much into this. But we wonder if the tide hasn't turned against the Rightists – temporarily at least? The unhappy Republicans are disassociating themselves with the Ultras in all directions.

Cobwebs and The Times

★ The *NY Times* used to be the best paper for news in the country with an editorial page like a cobwebbed room. Now in addition to being *the* indispensable newspaper it has a good editorial page, too. We noted the page, for example, on one day last week. There was a column by Reston urging liberals (perhaps with tongue in cheek) not to use guilt-by-association against the unfortunate GOP in conjunction with the John Birch society; a column-long letter appealing against the tragic injustice to North Carolina's Junius Scales who has recanted Communism but is serving six years because of it; an editorial backing up the letter on Scales; a first-rate editorial telling Kennedy to do something for school aid besides saying he favors it; a ditto editorial (among others) urging creation of a joint Congressional committee to watch the CIA under McCone; a typically informative column by C. L. Sulzberger from Paris on de Gaulle. And so on. Editorial pages go by cycles. The cobwebs won't come back to the *NY Times*, we figure, for at least 15 years.

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One for One

Francis Gary Powers, Frederic L. Pryor and Col. Rudolf I. Abel are home again. In this transaction, the Russians gave two for one, or perhaps one and one-half to one would be more accurate since it seems that Mr. Pryor was not a genuine spy, only a curious student. Still, the mathematics favored the United States; next time the Russians may insist on two or one and a half of theirs for one of ours. This would raise all sorts of trouble for the President. Were he to accept such an exchange ratio, he would be denounced for permitting the Soviets an unfair advantage.

Would it not be wise, therefore, to consider how this whole business can be made more productive and less hazardous to both spies and to heads of state? As now conducted, espionage has many deficiencies, not the least of which is that the culprits sometimes get caught. Why would it not be more sensible to negotiate an agreement whereby spies are exchanged in advance of their capture? The current US-Soviet talks on wider cultural contacts might be broadened to include consideration of a program providing a one-for-one exchange of intelligence agents, the number being stepped up each year, as the scheme proves mutually beneficial. But at the start, we might accept 10 Russian spies in return for 10 CIA scouts in Russia. The 20 would be free to move about, subject only to the rules which citizens of the two countries must themselves obey. So as not to rob the enterprise of all romance, it would be acknowledged in advance by both sides that if a spy violates the law of the host country and is caught, he would immediately be sent back where he came from. In that event, the country which had sent him would be put at a numerical disadvantage. Admittedly, one could not be sure of the impartiality of Soviet or American justice in the event of alleged violation. The answer here may lie in the establishment of two courts, one resident in each country, that would decide whether an infraction of law by an agent had occurred. Members of the court would be picked from neutral countries: for example, an Indian, a Swede and a Tunisian.

A minor advantage that would accrue from this spy exchange would be the decreased cost of espionage. The US, for example, may now be obliged to give Mr. Powers $50,000 to $60,000 in back pay, even though he can have learned little of value to CIA while in the custody of the Russians for nearly two years. Moreover, if spies from both sides could operate under a covenant openly arrived at, the occupational dangers would diminish, and it would then only be right

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that salaries be accordingly diminished. $2,500 a month for Mr. Powers was not too much considering the conditions of his employment, but it would be too high were he working under the new system. In addition to facilitating more accurate reporting, such a system would also transform the department of dirty tricks into something with the status and respectability of military espionage. No one thinks of military attachés as sneaky, snoopy characters. They are accepted as legitimate spies. The principle needs extension.

But the main argument for giving this program consideration is that it would inevitably enhance the sense of security in both countries. A hundred or so Soviet spies in the US, permitted to move about freely, and a comparable number of Americans in the Soviet Union free to roam that country would surely lead to more and more being known by each about the other. There would then be less and less excuse for either side to "lag behind" in any field of endeavor. We would know what they were doing, they would know what we were doing, and the added certainty would help maintain that equilibrium and stability that is the dream of all planners. It would give, as they say, more credibility to each side's deterrent and everybody's "posture" would be improved.

School Budgets

If it takes a rich suburb $500-700 per pupil to provide acceptable schools, then how can big cities which typically spend $300-450 offer adequate education? And how can rural districts provide more than a parody of learning on their average of $150-300 per pupil?

The main reason for these inequalities is the fantastic variation between local tax bases. Some industrial and commercial districts have as much as $50,000 in taxable property for every public school pupil. Other rural districts have a tenth that amount. When, as in Delaware, a state legislature is predominantly rural, and wealth is concentrated in a handful of urban areas, a state is likely to enact some kind of "equalization" law which uses state-wide taxes to help the poorer districts. But when, as in many Southern and Mountain states, the big concentrations of industrial and commercial property lie across state lines, there is no way to supplement inadequate local resources except by nationwide taxation. Yet oddly enough, legislators from rural and small-town areas are often the most vehement opponents of federal aid.

This opposition points to a second reason for unequal levels of educational investment. Some communities give school spending a higher priority than others. Many upper-middle class suburbs would rather raise teachers' salaries than raise police or city administrators' salaries. They would rather build classrooms than parks or sewage disposal plants. Many rural and working-class communities, on the other hand, would rather have low-cost housing or more generous unemployment and relief funds than smaller classes for their children. They shout louder for federal agricultural supports and irrigation projects than for federal science programs and college scholarships. These communities prefer, in a sense, subsidies which allow them and their children to continue their present "blue collar" way of life, rather than subsidies which encourage their children to enter the white collar bureaucracy.

No legislator, state or federal, can view this kind of local apathy about bad schools with complete equanimity. He knows, or ought to know, that children who get substandard educations will cost state and federal government huge sums in later years, both through lost taxes and through increased welfare payments. But he also knows, or ought to know, that he can't make the majority of farm and slum children learn more by simply spending more money on their schools. Apathy or hostility toward teachers is not always cured by raising certification requirements and salaries, and somnolence in the classroom is not usually eliminated merely by reducing the number of sleepers.

Even if outside money would markedly improve local schools where the appetite for education is poor, there would be objections to providing such money. Democracy gives each community the right to decide for itself whether it wants good schools or good sewers. If a community will not raise property taxes in order to hire better teachers, then has the state any business raising sales taxes to give that community the teachers it doesn't think it needs? Perhaps the state does, if these teachers are mainly concerned with varieties of education (*i.e.* scientific and linguistic training) which serve state and national rather than local needs. Perhaps too state and federal legislators have some obligation to the minority of parents who would like to spend more for good schools. But most schools, especially at the elementary level, are for better or for worse fundamentally local enterprises. If local school legislators are no longer to be recognized as the best judges of local needs, a lot of American political theory is going to have to be reconsidered.

But while local school boards have a right to provide inadequate schools if that is what the local public wants, state and federal legislators are under an obligation to help those communities which are really trying to help themselves. If federal and state assistance is carefully designed to help communities with low tax bases and high tax rates, rather than communities with high bases and low rates, then this assistance serves a legitimate purpose in offsetting the often deplorable effects of the haphazard distribution of taxable property among various school districts.

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Kennedy and Washington

President Kennedy has more narrowly defined the use of the doctrine of "Executive privilege" than did George Washington in the precedent-making case when the House of Representatives began to investigate the defeat of a military expedition headed by General St. Clair. In 1792, an Investigations Committee of the House had written Secretary of War Knox asking for the original letters and instructions bearing on the expedition. The nature of the reply to be framed was considered at several meetings of Washington's Cabinet, and the conclusion arrived at was recorded in a note by Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson. It read:

> "We had all considered and were of one mind 1. that the house was an inquest & therefore might institute inquiries. 2. that they might call for papers generally. 3. that the Executive ought to communicate such papers as the public good would permit, & ought to refuse those the disclosure of which would injure the public. Consequently were to exercise a discretion. 4. that neither the commee nor House had a right to call on the head of a deptmt, who & whose papers were under the Presidt. alone, but that the commee shd instruct their chairmen to move the House to address the President . . ."

Mr. Kennedy's letter last week to the Senate subcommittee that is inquiring into Pentagon and State Department procedures for clearing public speeches of high-ranking military officers contained nothing so bold. It did not assert that the Subcommittee's request for information had to be addressed directly to the President. It did not threaten on its own discretion to withhold information from the subcommittee. The President observed that Secretary of Defense McNamara had already provided the subcommittee with the texts of some 1,500 speeches reviewed by Pentagon censors; that Mr. McNamara had provided the names and background of the individuals in the Pentagon who acted as censors; that he had identified himself to the subcommittee as the man responsible for the policies and guidelines under which the censors worked; that he had identified the departmental source of each suggested change, and had offered to furnish in writing an explanation of each such change and the policy or guideline under which it was made.

What, then, was to be withheld from the subcommittee? Simply this: "Any information which would enable the subcommittee to hold, identify and hold accountable any individual with respect to any particular speech that he has reviewed." The reason was as pragmatic as it was constitutional in accent. "It would not be possible," said the President, "for you to maintain an orderly department and receive the candid advice and loyal respect of your subordinates if they – instead of you and your senior associates – are to be individually answerable to the Congress as well as to you for their internal acts and advice." Then came the self-denying phrase. "The principle which is at stake here," the President continued, "cannot be automatically applied to every request for information. Each case must be judged on its own merits."

It was this position, sound in law, and sound when judged from the standpoint of preserving the separation of powers and safeguarding the integrity of the Executive, that Sen. Strom Thurmond denounced as "one of the most dangerous acts any President has ever committed as President of the United States."

Jawbone Control

A few years ago, economist Ben Lewis published a scathing indictment of what he called "Economics by Admonition" – the habit, common to Truman, Eisenhower and now Kennedy of urging Big Business and Big Labor to show wage-price restraint and thus avoid inflation. Other economists have called this, derisively, jawbone control, and they are right. Yet the alternatives to jawbone control are also objectionable. Government control of, say, steel prices on the public utility model would be economically clumsy – to say the least; and reconstruction of Adam Smithian competitive conditions to destroy private market power is technologically and politically impossible.

The fruitful approach, then, would be to devise specific criteria for admonitionism, which could then rely upon public opinion to prod firms and unions into compliance. Self-restraint would thus be strengthened by "soft" sanctions.

One step in this direction has been the notion of annual productivity increase as a dividing line between the permissible and the impermissible in wage and price changes. But this, too, has been only vaguely suggested. President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers has taken a larger step in the same direction by spelling out the productivity standard in a fuller fashion in its report accompanying the President's economic message to Congress, about which we wrote last week.

What the Council has done is to specify some of the different situations that warrant differential treatment in the application of the productivity guide. Thus, an industry in which wage rates are inadequate to attract a sufficient labor supply, or are exceptionally low in comparison with those paid to workers of equivalent skills in another industry, would be allowed to exceed the average national increase in wages without calling down governmental and public wrath. Conversely, an

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industry in which wages or prices are exceptionally high (because of administered prices) would be expected to keep wage gains in line with the national average of productivity increase, even though the increase in that particular industry might be higher than the average.

Other variables remain to be identified; and as the CEA itself says, consensus on the equity of the criteria suggested may not easily be attained. It also remains to be seen whether public opinion can be an effective device for "soft" control even with these improvements. It may be, for example, that some kind of public hearings for a few crucial industries, such as steel, still are needed, as was suggested a few years ago when Senator Kefauver began his lengthy and valuable hearings on problems of administered prices and market power inflation.

Nuclear Testing

At his February 8 press conference the President in effect withdrew his offer of last September to sign a ban on atmospheric nuclear tests with the Russians, by arguing that the US could no longer sign an agreement which would leave the Soviets free to plan another test series in secret. Such a judgment seemed to pave the way to a resumption of atmospheric tests, since it put agreement on a test treaty out of reach. On February 9 the Director of the Disarmament Agency wrote a letter to *The Washington Post* defending Mr. Kennedy's stand as "reflecting several months of consultation and the unanimous views of all his appointees and advisers on disarmament, defense, atomic energy and national security." If this had been true, it would have provided impressive support for the President's new position. In fact it was not true. Some of the President's top advisers were not even consulted about the demand for inspection of possible test preparations, for the simple reason that their opposition was anticipated in advance.

"Nobody bothered to consult us."

African Unity

The white Europeans who drew and quartered Africa in the last years of the 19th Century, bifurcated tribes, erected artificial physical and linguistic barriers, and gathered peoples indiscriminately into colonies large and small did not dream that within little more than 50 years, nearly all of these ex-colonies would be independent, or on the road to self-government, and that the cry voiced by most articulate Africans in the 1960's would be "unity." Last month's meeting of African heads of state, in steamy Lagos, Nigeria, was meant to give dramatic expression to this hope for unity, and if the conference did not wholly accomplish its purpose, it did not wholly fail.

Both the left-leaning Casablanca bloc (Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Morocco and the United Arab Republic) and the more moderate Monrovia group (all the other tropical ex-French territories, Mauretania, Tunisia, Ethiopia, Somalia, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Libya and Nigeria) had ambitions to launch a drive for pan-African unification. But when it came time for the Lagos conference to begin, the Casablanca powers, and some of the original Monrovians, refused to participate. Ostensibly, the immediate cause of friction was the refusal of moderates to accord the rebel government of Algeria sovereign status at the meetings. In fact, the open rupture symbolized a thinly-veiled personal struggle between Kwame Nkrumah, president of Ghana, and Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, governor-general of Nigeria.

Nonetheless, the conferees did take several small steps toward their goal. Joined by Prime Minister Cyrille Adoula of the ex-Belgian Congo, 19 independent nations chartered in principle an inter-African body along the lines of the Organization of American States. They resolved to create – by easy stages – a series of regional customs unions, to coordinate campaigns against major human and animal diseases, to provide for the pooling of medical training and curative facilities, and to obtain a lowering of language barriers by the inauguration of third-language instruction in the

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schools (French in Nigeria, English in Niger, *etc.*). In words more restrained than those which would have emanated from any conference in Accra or Casablanca, Lagos urged the remaining colonial powers to ensure that their colonies attained independence as early as possible, sanctioned unspecified economic and diplomatic boycotts if they did not, called for a negotiated agreement between Algerian rebels and France, voiced solidarity with the "suppressed" peoples of Angola and South Africa, and prayed for an end to the testing of nuclear weapons. They further intervened to support Adoula when he wanted postponement of a Soviet-sponsored Security Council meeting on the Congo.

These affirmations foreshadow a New Jerusalem; they do not herald it. Paris still nurses 13 African nations from Mauretania to the Malagasy Republic, whether by direct subvention or by hidden market assistance which amounts in some cases to 90 percent of their revenues. These countries are therefore estranged from those who have sundered connections with the "former colonial masters." Personal conflicts also divide: Dr. Azikiwe damns those (like Nkrumah) who harbor "expansionist ambitions against their smaller and perhaps weaker neighbors"; President Sylvanus Olympio of tiny Togo claims Nkrumah has paid mercenaries to assassinate him; President Leopold Senghor of Senegal and President Felix Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast, Francophile nationalists of an older school, are both at odds with younger, more dynamic leaders like President Sékou Touré of Guinea. East Africa has little in common with West – although Emperor Haile Selassie wants to be a bridge.

Yet unity is needed. Dahomey and Nigeria share a common border, and their capitals, Cotonu and Lagos, are about 50 miles apart. But telegraph messages between them go via Paris and London. Trade is still Europe-centered and many products consequently are shipped north and south, between the two continents, before they are transported from independent country to independent country. A larger unity would help divert more of the wealth of rich but thinly-populated creations (Gabon, Mauretania, Katanga) to neighboring countries which are large, but poor (Upper Volta, Niger and Chad). Unity would also help Africa prevent political crises which may (in Kenya, Northern Rhodesia and Angola) lead to other Congos. It would give a home to those colonial tidbits, like the Gambia, Rio Muni, Togo, French Somaliland, Ruanda-Urundi and Basutoland, which are hardly viable on their own, and which therefore risk being devoured by others. It would obviate those explosive quarrels which continue to exist between Ethiopia and Somalia, where the integrity of the Lion of Judah's weak-knit empire is at stake; Senegal and Mali, where personal jealousies abound; and Morocco and Mauretania, where the former covets the latter's mineral wealth.

A NEW EFFORT TO PUSH THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT OFF DEAD CENTER

A Progressive Coalition at Last?

Rome

Fifteen years ago, US diplomacy picked the Christian-Democratic Party as its "chosen instrument" in Italian politics. In mid-1947, Christian-Democratic Premier Alcide De Gasperi unloaded from the government the Communists and their left-wing Socialist allies, and a year later his party scored a decisive victory over the Red "People's Bloc," securing nearly half of the popular vote and, together with the minor center parties, a comfortable majority in Parliament. Public order was maintained, basic freedoms were substantially guaranteed and Italy became a loyal member of NATO.

But when it came to carrying out long overdue social and economic reforms or modernizing the machinery of government, a number of difficulties arose from the fact that Christian-Democracy was a loosely knit confederation of local bosses, representing different and sometimes incompatible interests and held together mostly by the cement of the Catholic confessional and the desire to keep control of the spoils of power. De Gasperi's insistence on participation in the government by all the minor democratic parties also helped to make postponement the line of least resistance: "Never do today what you might have a good excuse for not doing tomorrow," was the not wholly inaccurate crack.

Political "stability" became "stagnation." Even when some great social and economic measures (agrarian reforms, rehabilitation of the South) were at last undertaken, Communist propaganda was able to claim that they had been forced upon an unwilling conservative government by "popular pressure."

Then, in 1953, the Christian-Democratic share of the popular vote dropped to 40 percent and the gov-

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ernment coalition retained only the barest majority in Parliament. The returns were an unpleasant surprise for the US which had continued to place its bets on the Christian-Democratic horse – and on a single jockey, De Gasperi. The old leader had to give up the Premiership and the reins passed into the hands of a younger team, headed by Amintore Fanfani. Political crises became more and more frequent; governments were stalled on dead center; and American influence, which in the early 1950's had been still associated with the promotion of progressive land and tax reform, appeared during the Eisenhower years to side more with the supporters of the *status quo*.

Last March, Averell Harriman, the first ranking representative of the Kennedy Administration to take a fresh look at the Italian situation, sized it up as follows: "Great economic progress, no political progress: something must be wrong." Since 1948 the Christian-Democrats and the other traditionally pro-Western parties have lost a million votes, despite a larger electorate, while the Communists have gained two million votes and the Nenni Socialists almost one million.

The more far-sighted Christian-Democratic leaders have long felt the need for a new approach. As far back as 1954-55, President Gronchi advocated a major political realignment which would exclude the conservative-minded Liberals from the government majority and offer the Nenni Socialists an opportunity to join that majority and thus encourage their tendency to draw away from the Communists. In April, 1960, Fanfani actually tried to form such a left-of-center coalition which, with the Nenni Socialists' backing in Parliament, would have had the votes to put across such measures as public control of the electric industry, the development and modernization of the school system and the extension of local self-rule. But he was forced to give up by a threatened revolt of Christian-Democratic right-wingers.

In recent weeks, the pressure for "an opening to the Left" has gathered new and probably decisive momentum. Social Democrats and Republicans have confirmed their determination to force a shift to the left by withdrawing from the present loose center coalition. At the Christian-Democratic National Congress, held in Naples at the end of January, party leader Aldo Moro openly called for the formation of a left-of-center government which would still be controlled by the pro-Western Christian-Democrats, Social Democrats and Republicans and, at the same time, would win the parliamentary support of the Nenni Socialists. Outright opposition to Moro's proposal was voiced only by right-of-center groups controlling less than 25 percent of the party membership. Some of those conservative Christian-Democrats had intimated that they might walk out of the party if the National Congress endorsed an immediate attempt to reach an understanding with Nenni, but they gave up their threat after it became clear that a split would not be countenanced by the Vatican.

Each Christian-Democratic faction has traditionally been able to count on some patron saints among the Italian Cardinals and Bishops. However, John XXIII has repeatedly signified that he favors a line of less direct Church involvement in Italian politics and it is not thought that the experiment of collaboration with the Socialists will run into anything like a veto by the Vatican. The feeling has also been spreading that the experiment will no longer meet with US opposition.

With the opening of negotiations for the actual formation of a left-of-center government, Italian progressives have won an important round, but the battle itself is far from over. All the right-of-center political forces, backed by strong groups of businessmen and landowners and by powerful sectors of the press, are continuing their fight against the projected collaboration with Nenni, on the ground that it would endanger Italy's democratic institutions and foreign alliances. What they really fear is something else: The proposals that have been singled out for special attack by the conservatives concern the revamping of the direct taxation system, which today accounts for less than 25 percent of the government's receipts, and the introduction of effective public controls in the fields of power and labor relations.

Within the Socialist camp, a strong minority, which has the full financial and organizational support of the Communists, likewise opposes any move likely to isolate the Communists. This minority is striving to undermine Nenni before he can reach a firm agreement with the Christian-Democrats.

A Christian-Democratic failure to press for an early and concrete understanding with the Nenni Socialists would sharpen to the breaking point the rifts within Italy's ruling party; it would drive the Socialists back into the Communists' waiting arms; and it would also expose many Social-Democrats and Republicans to the danger of being driven Left into a Red-sponsored Popular Front. On the other hand, successful collaboration between Christian-Democrats and Socialists would be bound to have substantial and favorable repercussions on the international situation. The example of an Italian Christian-Democracy embarking upon a bold course of social reform and institutional modernization would have a powerful impact upon Catholic forces in other countries, particularly in Latin America where those forces can effectively contribute to the success of the Alliance for Progress. And the isolation of the Italian Communist Party, the largest in the West and the only one which in the past could rely on the support of large socialist forces, would be read both in the West and in the East as a major setback for international Communism.

Leo J. Wollemborg

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Gerald W. Johnson

Take Heart

The Radical Right is nothing new, and we cannot deny to any man his inalienable right to make a monkey of himself according to the dictates of his own folly.

All that we learn from history is that nations learn nothing from history. As regards nations, the Hegelian dictum is supported by impressive evidence; but as regards individuals, surely acquisition of historical perspective is not quite that barren. For instance, a cursory examination of the annals of this country is enough to convince a rational man that no idiocy of modern times, however fantastic, is really new. The extraneous and incidental features may have a certain novelty, but the essential absurdity supports The Preacher's observation that "there is no new thing under the sun."

Consider, now, the theory currently and stridently proclaimed by the Radical Right, that a long-standing reputation for propriety and respectability is *prima facie* evidence of treasonable proclivities, leading to the inference that Eisenhower, Warren, Truman and Acheson are to be bracketed with Quisling and Laval. The theory was not invented by the late Joe McCarthy. It had been propounded a century and a half earlier by Theodore Dwight and James Callender, who found in the esteem enjoyed by Thomas Jefferson and John Adams proof of their appalling hypocrisy. Nor has it been monopolized by guttersnipes. Tom Paine reviled Washington, and Andrew Jackson was called a murderer, Abraham Lincoln a baboon, Roosevelt I a drunk, and Roosevelt II every epithet known to Billingsgate, all by reputable members of society.

Naturally, efforts to organize, control and manipulate this emotional steam-pressure have been continuous. Theodore Roosevelt, not averse to being regarded as high-priest of "the star-eyed goddess of Reform," conceded that every reform movement is attended by a lunatic fringe; he might have included every deforming movement if there is any clear distinction between the two. But Roosevelt's observation, accurate enough, leaves unexplained the structural form of this lunacy, which has been curiously persistent throughout American history.

It must be admitted that there is no obvious similarity in the announced purposes of the anti-Masons, the Locofocos, the Know-Nothings, the Greenbackers, the Dixiecrats and the John Birchites. I exclude from consideration such massive organizations as the Populists and the Bull Moosers, for they attained the dimensions of real political parties and the objects of this examination are political aberrations; and these have at least one common characteristic: no matter how various the programs they promulgate, they are all woebegone. Most of them have been angry, too, but they were unanimously dismal.

The Single Taxers are not an exception. It is true that Single Taxers are (there are numbers of them still around) curiously blithe fellows, but they never have been a compact, drilled and disciplined movement comparable to the Know-Nothings and the John Birchites. Perhaps this is because they regard their pet scheme as desirable but by no means essential to salvation. Their prophet, Henry George, while he was a greater man than the faculties of history and economics have ever admitted, never mistook himself for a Fourth Person of the Trinity; he thought that ere they accept his idea men must become wiser, but not necessarily holier. Hence his followers, confessing that they are sinful men, are permitted to smile.

Not so the bulk of the fantasts. The American Protective Association founded at Clinton, Iowa, in 1887 by Henry F. Bowers, for example, offered certain economic and sociological arguments to support its attack on aliens and Catholics, but the vital spark of the movement was no political view; it was moral earnestness. And that earnestness attracted a million members to the APA by 1896. The emotional attitude that in almost every primitive language made the words "stranger" and "enemy" synonyms persists to an extent that we are not willing to admit; and in no phase of life is it more persistent than in religion.

The original settlement of three states, Massachusetts, Maryland and Pennsylvania, was made by victims of religious intolerance, and Rhode Island was established by victims of the intolerance of the refugees. It took us nearly 200 years to accept in principle the fact that what is different is not necessarily evil, and then the acceptance was in principle only. My own great-great-great grandfather was that anomaly, a Scottish Baptist, who came to this country as a mis-

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sionary, not to the Indians, but to his fellow-countrymen who had preceded him to the New World, but who remained Presbyterians, *i.e.*, practically heathen. Within my own lifetime I have heard of a pious Methodist mother who sat by the fire all night long, weeping like Rachel. She would not be comforted, for her only son was lost – he was about to marry a Baptist.

Thus to assume that the American Protective idea was hypocrisy is as grave an error as to assume that the segregationists – Southern, mostly, but it was in Idaho that the customers, not the proprietor, heaved out a Negro who went into a public house patronized by hard-rock miners – are not sincerely alarmed by the state of affairs. The early movements were the more excusable in that native Americans in the 1830's had had little contact with Catholics and non-English-speaking immigrants, and therefore were facing the unknown, which is always terrifying.

Economic heresy, and even some measure of social nonconformity can be viewed with a certain equanimity. They may indeed have comic aspects that add to the gaiety of their opponents. But moral degeneration is no laughing matter. Hence a Single Taxer, for all his conviction that we are losing money by not accepting his ideas may still remain a relatively gay and jocund fellow; but a man persuaded that his is the only road to salvation must assume that in refusing to follow it we are in danger of losing not only money, but our immortal souls as well. He can no more be of good cheer than could the Methodist mother.

This is most conspicuous as it affects religious dogma, but it is not confined to that field. The impending collapse of the republic is no occasion for amusement. Without doubt, a great many John Birchites really believe that the United States is rapidly losing its character. They have to admit that one of the objects of government specified in the preamble to the Constitution is "to promote the general welfare," but they insist that to promote it in any new way is to undermine the Constitution.

Then there is the pervasive, although never acknowledged, disbelief in the permanence of American institutions. This is not fundamentally irrational. Democracy, after all, is a relatively new experiment as a form of government and we cannot be certain of how it is going to turn out. We have long been indoctrinated with the theory of "invisible government," and we know by bitter experience that it is not altogether a fantasy. Hence the word "conspiracy" has an extraordinary political potency in America. We have made it all but an article of faith that, while honest individuals may avow their true aims, organizations never do so.

The Communist Party, for example, has avowed that its ultimate aim is the destruction of our existing system of government, yet our leadership, from the President down, is committed to the theory that the Party is a conspiracy. But destruction is final. What other, more terrible but unconfessed aim Communism may have is hard to imagine.

The Precedent of Cincinnatus

The first manifestation of this tendency to detect conspiracies in the doings of our fellow citizens – and incidentally, a brilliant illustration of its danger – was the furious revolt against the organization of the Society of the Cincinnati, in spite of the fact that George Washington was a founding member. Certainly no more highly respected American was living at the time, but Washington's character was accepted simply as proof of how devious and deeply hidden was the plot to erect an order of nobility in America and gradually ease us back into monarchy.

As a matter of historical fact the Society of the Cincinnati never wielded half the political influence of later veterans' organizations, the Grand Army of the Republic and the American Legion. The original society long ago faded out and the modern, purely social group, is a successor. But it had a lasting effect, all right. The "conspiracy" of the Cincinnati led directly to the organization of the Tammany Society, progenitor of Tammany Hall; and Tammany did survive.

We are accustomed to think of proletarian suspicion of the bourgeoisie as typically Russian. But we were contending with the same thing long before Lenin was born. For a textbook case, consider the anti-Masonic party. To begin with, one must scratch William Wirt, the party's nominee for President in 1832. Wirt was no more a real anti-Mason than Theodore Roosevelt was a real Non-Partisan Leaguer in 1912. But somehow Wirt got the idea that the Whigs could not, or would not, nominate their best man, Henry Clay, for President, and in that case a third-party candidate might draw together all the elements opposed to Andrew Jackson. It was a pipe-dream, of course, for Jackson's enemies, as the event proved, produced much more noise than votes. But it explains Wirt's candidacy, as it explains the activity of later and more astute politicians in other protest movements.

In the ranks of the anti-Masonic party, however, there were many perfectly genuine anti-Masons. Today one reads this with incredulity. How could sane men have engendered such hatred of a harmless frat-

COMING

Romney and the Republicans

by Selig S. Harrison

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ernal order dedicated in the main to charity and sociability? Ostensibly, the cause was the disappearance of one William Morgan, who had written, or threatened to write, a book exposing the secrets of the order; and word went around that the Masons had murdered him. Possibly some Mason did knock off Morgan, but certainly not on a Grand Mason's orders.

Morgan was only a pretext. The revolt was a revolt against stuffed-shirtism, which had become stifling, and the Masonic order caught the force of the blast because it had become a cachet of social status to an extent that is now incomprehensible. Every individual on the make, as soon as he attained the level of a Prominent Citizen, joined the Masons and bought a stove-pipe hat as a matter of course. Both were symbols of dignity. So the time came when practically every Congressman, Governor, Judge, Mayor and other public official down to deputy sheriff was a Mason; and when that came home to the wool-hat boys, panic swept them. It was fomented, of course, by demagogues, but not invented by them. It was a genuine panic of the excluded.

This has been true, *mutatis mutandis*, of the other outbreaks of extremists. It is characteristic of them all that they pay relatively little attention to the extremists on the other flank; they can go for the center, they assail respectability. The John Birch Society rarely expends ammunition on William Z. Foster and Earl Browder; its preferred targets are Eisenhower, Truman or the late Dag Hammarskjold. The higher the dignity, the taller the stove-pipe hat, the better the target. An ex-President is good, but the ultimate expression of this frenzy is a Birchite demand for impeachment of the Chief Justice of the United States.

Action and reaction being equal and opposite, such outbreaks have often tested the common sense of the majority to and beyond the breaking-point. Reasonable men frequently denounce unreasonably the participants in such affairs as fakers and frauds, through and through. It may be true enough of the leaders, for any movement that seems to promise some notoriety is sure to be embraced by a limber-jenkins with no interest in anything beyond self-advertisement; but it is not true of the mass of his followers. Their chills and fevers, however fantastic, are not feigned – a fact that the healthy-minded should never forget.

The anti-Masons – not Wirt, but the rank and file – really were in fear of their lives. The Know-Nothings did feel that they were being pushed out of their rightful place by Catholics and aliens. The Locofocos did think – as the Prohibitionists and various other splinter groups think to this day – that the moral stamina of the country was collapsing and the Devil was taking over the land. Their fear and resentment are those of the Displaced Person, and nothing is more real.

The basic error, of course, is nothing concocted by Joe McCarthy, or Senator Goldwater, or General Walker. It is the inability of perhaps a third of our people to accept emotionally as well as rationally Lincoln's assertion that this nation is "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." For Lincoln flatly contradicts the dictum of old William Stoughton that "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness." Choice grain. Chosen People. *Herrenvolk*. There are three expressions of the idea that ever since Stoughton preached, two hundred years before Lincoln spoke, has denied the faith that all men are created equal. If we Americans are indeed choice grain, then obviously all men are not created equal, for Stoughton spoke of seed-corn, not the matured plant. If men are not created equal, then some must be inferior, and it is logical to hate and fear those leaders who hold that Lincoln – and Jefferson before him, and all the notables who signed Jefferson's document – spoke truth, and therefore would extend to the inferior all the legal rights and privileges enjoyed by the choice grain.

The Militant One in Three

John Adams estimated that at the time of the Revolution only one-third of the American people actively favored independence. Another third were dragged along without caring much one way or the other. The last third were Tories, adhering to the monarchy. In the midst of the current uproars, one is tempted to suspect that the proportion has not changed appreciably. Are there, even today, more than a third who believe, viscerally as well as cerebrally, that an honest Jew sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not, that an honest Catholic will defend the Constitution, that an honest Negro is as human as any passenger on the Mayflower? It is a question.

But if Adams' statistics still hold good, it is not a question what should be done about it. In 1776 and the seven years thereafter one-third proved to be enough, and the reasonable presumption is that they are enough today. If the inoculation with Americanism has failed to "take" in a considerable number of cases, those who have received it into their blood know that the way to deal with the failures is not to beat them up or shut them up. We cannot deny to any American his inalienable right to make a monkey of himelf according to the dictates of his own folly.

It is not easy. Indeed, it is the acid test of one's Americanism. But the strain is lessened somewhat when one reflects that idiocy is not an invention of the modern age but is as old as the race; yet mankind has persevered thus far. Although the too serious-minded can never realize it, there is a great survival value in the character of Sabatini's hero who "was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad."

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Subverters of France

The Story of the Secret Army Organization

by George A. Kelly

They became the Emperor's praetorian guard until they began to choose Emperors from among their own ranks. And that was the end of Rome. – JEAN LARTEGUY, Les Centurions

What are the origins, the motives, the tactics of those "unworthy Frenchmen," as General de Gaulle called them last week, who are "trying and probably will continue to try to create upheavals"; those "conspirators" who "hope to seize power . . . by means of a system of blackmail, robbery and assassination that reaches as far as Metropolitan France"? To understand what the Secret Army Organization represents at this moment, one must return to the near past.

Seven years of war in Algeria had not brought deliverance from the struggle or the exhilaration of victory to the French Army. *La guerre révolutionnaire*, with its corollary of the "control of the souls of the population," had been a dismal failure so far as the Algerian Muslims were concerned. Either *la guerre révolutionnaire* was abstract and inapplicable, or the French Army did not know how to wage it or waged it imperfectly, or, as a "Lieutenant X" insisted in a bitter magazine article, it had not been waged at all.

But suddenly, with the creation of the Secret Army Organization, following the so-called "Madrid agreements" of February, 1961, between Raoul Salan and others, the climate became much more favorable to those willing to conspire to keep Algeria French. The "psychological" colonels who followed Salan and went into hiding in Algeria or took alien refuge following the collapse of the *putsch* of the colonels in Algeria on April 22, 1961, now had a fertile laboratory in which to test their ideological theories of revolutionary war.

The object of their hate was de Gaulle and the "regime of betrayal." It was easy to attack because it was easy to define. The end could justify the means, and could itself be sufficiently ambiguous. "After all," said a good Christian *mère de famille* of Algiers, "hasn't one the right to kill when the fatherland is in danger?" From the time of its formation, the Secret Army Organization was the paramilitary agent of the settler psychology in Algeria.

Three days before the outbreak of the April 22 *putsch*, the SAO in its tract, *La Voix du maquis*, sought to undermine the loyalty of the police of Algiers: "Remember what happened to the *miliciens* [of Vichy]: 10,000 of them were shot for thinking they could have double-dealings with the fatherland. Today, for there is still time, take sides resolutely. Sabotage the orders of the infamous regime. Transmit false information to your treasonable superiors. Organize your own networks of resistance. Stand ready to join the nation's Army at the hour of the uprising!"

Swiftly the SAO gathered under its wing the diverse anti-regime groups of the Right that had so frequently squabbled among each other. Its liaisons reached not only into the embittered Army, but to certain sources of Catholic Church power – through such intermediary agencies as Jean Ousset's *Cité Catholique* – to business and finance, to the veterans' groups, and to the National Assembly itself, where about 80 deputies could be identified as having SAO sympathies. It was conveniently fronted by such polite "Algérie Française" organizations as the *Comité de Vincennes* of Messrs. Georges Bidault, Jean Dides and Jean Le Pen and by the activity of Jacques Soustelle, who exiled himself voluntarily (to Northern Italy, it was authoritatively learned) during the summer of 1961; it was supported explicitly by such publications as *Rivarol* and somewhat more discreetly by others like *Carrefour*. It reached into every French and Algerian city of consequence and not a few villages, its structure resembling somewhat that of its enemy, the FLN, with the same "parallel" precautions taken to assure its secrecy.

Despite the popularity of General de Gaulle in the country at large, the bulwarks of the regime were being gradually gnawed away by a multiplicity of discontents as the year 1961 waned. The Communists, reeling from internal schism and electoral desertion, were delighted. So was the SAO, which endorsed the same dialectic: battles are won by the clash of antitheses, not by the judicious compromise of tendencies. To make every Frenchman choose between the Reds and an activism preaching everything from "Algérie Française" to the Rights of Man was the golden dream of the subversives. If they were not numerically strong themselves in a

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nation of 45 million, they had learned by heart every psychological and subversive tactic that might be used to expand their strength. "*Donnez-moi dix bons egorgeurs et je térroriserai la ville de Paris,*" Colonel Trinquier had said once in a combination of jest and braggadocio. The aim of the SAO from the start was clearly nothing less than neutralization or "suppression" of de Gaulle and his entourage, civil war with the Communists and their "allies" if needed.

By the fall of 1961, the conspiracy was apparently structured along lines familiar to anyone who has read the special number on "*La Guerre Révolutionnaire*" of the *Revue Militaire d'Information* (February, 1958), put together by Col. Charles Lacheroy and his team. Both Algeria and the *métropole* were divided into zones, sectors, sub-sectors, districts and cells. There were parallel organizations for making military and political contacts. Specialized units were formed to carry out fund raising, propaganda and psychological action, intelligence, terror *a la plastique* and justice (*i.e.*, assassination). This latter elite, including veterans from the Red Hand (the organization which had murdered the Tunisian labor leader Ferhat Hached in 1952) and the Moroccan terrorist group which had been responsible for the death of M. Lemaigre-Dubrueil in 1955, was reputedly directed by Jean-Jacques Susini. The dosiers and experience of Col. Yves Godard, who headed the Security Police (*Sûreté*) in Algiers during Salan's incumbency there, proved to be particularly useful in choosing those to be assassinated.

Godard and Gen. Paul Gardy were announced as Salan's direct deputies in commanding the Algeria-Soliara region. General Jouhaud, whose prestige would appear to have slipped somewhat, was given his native fief of Oranie to supervise. Colonel de Blignières was allegedly the Commander-in-Chief of the Secret Army in the *métropole*. At the top of the pyramid sat Salan, enthroned somewhere in Algeria, flanked by the ominous Susini and Col. Jean Gardes, an efficient courier and elusive traveler.

Sometime during the fall of 1961, a split apparently developed in the upper hierarchy between the so-called "Madrid group" and the "Algiers group" led by Salan. Its origins are still somewhat obscure, but it can be surmised that the dissension, aside from whatever personal jealousies there were, was created by two fundamental disagreements over strategy. First, Salan wished the entire apparatus of the organization to be located on French or Algerian soil (for "psychological reasons"), whereas the others preferred foreign sanctuary. Secondly, the "madrilènes" would appear to have counseled the desirability of a *putsch* in metropolitan France in concert with the seizure of Algeria, against the judgment of Salan.

At any rate, it is known that Salan's personal emissary in Madrid, Capt. Marcel Ronda, intervened with the Franco government to expedite the neutralization of the "Madrid group." The Caudillo responded handsomely by packing the troublesome French tourists off to the Canary Islands, receiving in return a swift round-up in Paris of some Spanish republicans who had been causing Franco distress.

The assassins who scarcely missed blowing up the car of General de Gaulle with dynamite on Route Nationale 19 at Pont-sur-Seine on the evening of September 8 appear to have been in contact with elements of the SAO and, to say the least, were affected by it. On September 20, the government released a photostated document dated September 11, purporting to come from Colonel Gardes, showing that the Secret Army was indeed plotting the murder of the President, even if it had not acted in the prior attempt. The document read in part: "This is a show staged by Toccart, the Elysée, etc. . . . Who benefits from the crime? De Gaulle and his acolytes. Let the arrests take place. That's my opinion. We have to counterattack the Gaullist propaganda on the radio. It's pretty stiff right now. Still, we mustn't draw up any leaflet indicating that we don't intend to liquidate him. But the day when the SAO acts there's going to be a dead man. End of message. Fleur [code name of Gardes]."

The regime found it necessary to release this extraordinary document as its means of exploding the denial of the intent of assassination which General Salan had made in a letter to M. Hubert Beuve-Méry, the editor and publisher of *Le Monde*, dated September 15 and forwarded from Algiers. Salan had written *inter alia:* "Hasn't one pushed ignominy a little far in alleging that I, Raoul Salan ['moi, Raoul Salan'; the irony seems evident], twice commander-in-chief in the face of the enemy, could have been the instigator of an attempt to murder the Chief of State? I shall not tarnish my past and my military honor by ordering the assassination of anyone whose own past belongs to the history of our nation." Salan's *haut-le-corps* caused Beuve-Méry to comment crisply: "Better if the ex-commander-in-chief had left off there. Or rather if he had taken advantage of this occasion to disavow completely the criminal acts urged by the groups claiming alliance with the Secret Army."

The Sowing of Confusion

We may not *a priori* exclude Salan's professions of the "honor of a soldier"; on the other hand, everything the SAO chiefs do, every letter they write to any public organ, is deeply calculated to achieve that maximum effect of doubt and apprehension in the civilian populace which is one of the first tenets of *la guerre révolutionnaire*. What is most likely is that the attempted assassination of the Chief of State was not ordered from the top, but that once it had occurred the SAO at-

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tempted to exploit its repercussions. Probably also they would not stop short of this act for reasons of honor, if it clearly served their purposes.

It is uncertain how much strict control the higher staffs of the Secret Army have over their scattered troops. One may well suppose that many of the plastic bombings and miscellaneous acts of threat, destruction, and indiscriminate vandalism practiced in the name of the SAO and signed with its symbol have been decided on local initiative in line with broad directives. If all the activist hotheads in France and Algeria had been reduced to dutiful obedience in so short a time by Salan and his brain-trust, it would have been a major miracle of organization. Sanctions against the membership for independent initiatives and compromising action seem thus far to have been limited to heavy fines; cautionary murders, mutilations or family reprisals *à la FLN* have apparently lain outside the approved techniques. But political assassinations – such as those of Commissioners Gavoury and Goldenberg and of Commandant Poste – are obviously ordered from above and carefully controlled. If finance is difficult, it appears to have been adequate; and it is known that the SAO touches contributions in several countries other than France. Finally, a certain autonomy in the activity of the hierarchies and a vigilance against allowing details of the organization, its operations and its membership, to circulate internally where they do not pertain has made it difficult for government agents to penetrate the SAO or move against it integrally. Suspects brought in by the police for questioning have been carefully schooled to reveal only what they think is already known; and plans, headquarters and places of meeting are generally changed if there is the slightest hint of compromise.

The breadth of the movement is alarming and its security seems to improve with expanded subversive experience. As of the latter part of 1961, it was estimated that the Organization enjoyed the active or passive support in Algeria of about 80 to 90 percent of the European population, that it had the *droit de cité* in Algiers, Oran, and probably Bone, and efficient contacts elsewhere. Complicities in the police, the bar and the medical profession made the task of the government especially trying; a wounded terrorist sent to a hospital under police guard was apt to slip away in a mysterious sedan after he had received medical treatment. Strikes, miniature manifestations and obedience to specific *mots d'ordre* were continually intended to prove the authority of the SAO in urban Algeria, to dismay and vex the government, and to serve as cumulative dress rehearsals for the *grand jour*. Although race war against the Muslims was severely repugned by Salan, there were instances of that, too – more than 100 violent deaths in the Algerian cities in the first week of January, 1962, as rumors of impending government settlement with the FLN reached burning settler ears.

If an inquiring reporter like Alain Jacob of *Le Monde* asked these Europeans to describe their reasons for attachment to the conspiracy and what they expected of it, their answers were diffuse and vague. A student summarized the general attitude of support: "If de Gaulle and the FLN reach an agreement, that means that the FLN will more or less take power. We know what that means. We have to have something solid to fight this." But many Europeans conceived of different outcomes ranging from a sort of Algerian South Africa to an independent state formed in collaboration with the FLN. Two inescapable conclusions stood out of this amazing bargain-basement of ideas: virtually all sympathy toward any sort of integration with the *métropole* had vanished, and de Gaulle had become the absolute arch-fiend, second to no leader of the FLN – and well ahead of the *gens de l'ancien régime* like Pinay and Mollet, some of whom were even grudgingly praised. In this panorama of opinion it was fairly easy to see the reflection of the confusing "all things to all men" propaganda of the SAO, which was eager to take advantage of every sort of opposition to the regime.

Ambivalence in the Army

The Army in Algeria faced an entirely different problem of conviction and an extremely complicated one. On the one hand, the frustration of the *putsch* of last April still lingered on in the military. The *malaise* could not be effaced by penalties and a sharp recall to discipline. Comrades of old whose ideas had seemed logical once upon a time were in prison or had joined the ranks of sedition.

But at the same time, the SAO was not an entity designed to appeal to the military reflex. It committed brutal acts which the Army had to hazard itself to prevent. It provoked race war between European and Muslim, which went deeply against the grain of most professional officers. It was penetrated by the most dubious type of civilian, including professional murderers. In effect, the SAO forced the Army, against its wishes, to fight a war on two fronts.

Then, too, the structure of the French Army, particularly in its command echelons, had changed considerably since the *putsch* of April. It had become desperately urgent for the government to confide all these key posts to absolutely proved loyalists who could overcome the incipient activism of their staffs, even at the risk of filling France with conspirators transferred from Algeria. The government did not have much choice in this policy; one measure of the Army's alienation from the regime is that no possible system of posting could probably assure its loyalty in a given place. Gen. Charles Ailleret, the stubbornly obedient

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zonal commander of the North-East Constantinois during the *putsch*, was swiftly granted one more star and sent to fill the trying position of command in Algiers that technically demanded yet another star. De Gaulle was running out of generals.

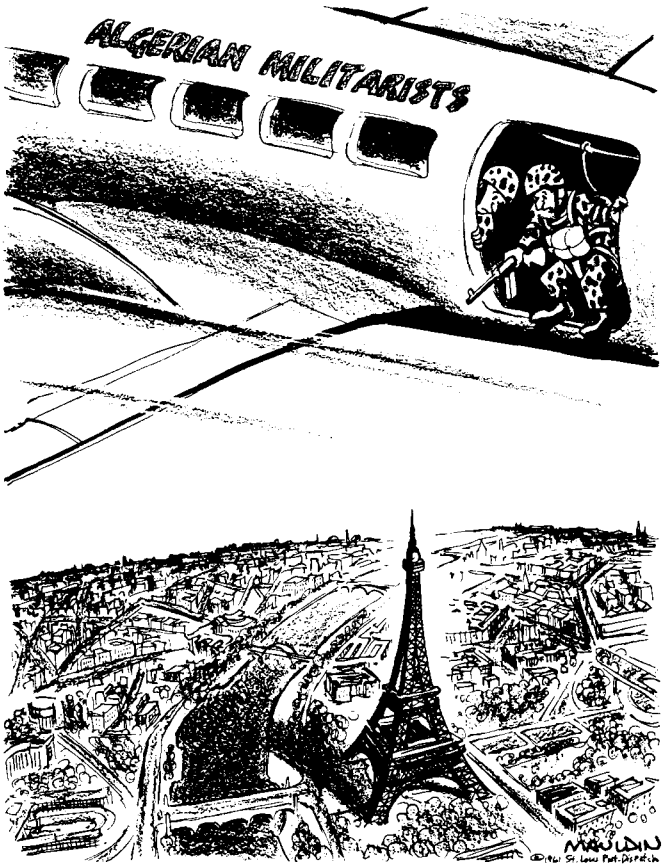
Plagued by the rising tension, the polarization of the communities, and the arduous and distasteful duty of thrusting his Army daily between Europeans and Muslims to ward off irretrievable provocation and violence, Ailleret moved to the attack last September 20 in an Order of the Day:

> "While pursuing the struggle against the rebellion, in which they are fully joined, and while opposing any racial manifestation wherever it comes from, our armed forces should also:
>
> – Assist the forces of the police charged with neutralizing the so-called SAO.
>
> – Recover the arms, ammunition and equipment, mostly stolen from the Army, that is held by the subversives.
>
> – Oppose any propaganda aiming to justify revolt and violence.
>
> – Protect the people against extortions of funds based on terror and against bombings."

Thus the Superior Commander made it plain to all officers and men under his orders that they were expected to execute the regime's directives with dispatch and severity or leave the Army. This unambiguous statement, treating the SAO as any enemy, did a great deal to clear the air. Scarcely a week earlier, the "subversives" had distributed a clever tract among the officers, urging their neutrality if not their support:

> "In the case of a new popular explosion, two solutions confront you.
>
> – To place the whole or a part of your men behind the military chiefs who direct the movement without hesitation. You will merit the respect of all Algeria.
>
> – Or to refuse to join the movement, deterred by scruples that we understand or uncertain of the reactions of your men.
>
> "In this last hypothesis we ask you to refrain from entering this dispute which sees Algiers and Paris opposed, not to contravene the will of the Algerian people, but to continue the struggle against the *fellagha* and to avoid any clash between Europeans and Muslims."

A great deal of the success of the SAO in persuading regular Army units to join with it obviously will depend on the circumstances in which any prospective uprising is unleashed. If it were part of a general fury accompanying the recognition of an independent Algerian government and the impending transfer of Algerian sovereignty, it is entirely conceivable that significant elements of the Army would go the way of sedition, but this would be for their own reasons and they would undoubtedly seek to neutralize the little-loved Salan in the process. On the other hand, the government in Paris has probably taken great care to keep the military command informed of the progress of its political discussions with the Algerians, so as to avoid the indignation that is magnified by surprise. One thing is certain: the majority of the Army has shared with SAO a distaste for the President of the Republic and an ill-concealed lack of faith in his leadership.



"The longer I look at it, the sharper it gets."

At the moment, the capabilities of the SAO in the *metropole*, both with regard to the Army and the civilians are not easy to predict. In any case, Salan's master plan probably does not call for any direct uprising in France but rather for imposing a "period of reflection," during which the power of de Gaulle is expected to crumble and cede to more realistic parliamentary government, which in turn would have to recognize the *fait accompli* of European sovereignty in a part of Algeria.

Amid the many possibilities for action, the following scenario, most realistic and most feasible of achievement, seems to have the endorsement of Salan and his co-conspirators:

1. The SAO, at the precise moment when it can

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command the most loyalties most unambiguously (*i.e.*, the government's announcement of a wide-reaching agreement with the Algerians), will launch an attack on Oran and Algiers and the coastal strip in between. Its main body of effectives will be the reanimated troops of the *Unités Territoriales* and, especially, the more efficient *Dispositifs de Protection Urbaine*, which had originally been set on foot in 1957 to combat Algerian terrorists. At least the neutrality of the Army would be counted on, and the *pied noir* members of the civilian police would be expected to follow. A base, which might be called *la République Française d'Algérie*, will be taken and held indefinitely, to the frustration of the *métropole*. Europeans and loyal Muslims will be regrouped in this territory.

2. A waiting game will be conducted *vis-à-vis* the regime in order to show its impotence in settling the Algerian business. Strenuous propaganda efforts will be made to create a temporary coalition of activists, peasants, politicians, even workers – whose unremitting pressure will lead to the collapse of de Gaulle's power and the restoration of a parliamentary regime which, in the case of peaceful evolution, might feature some of the politicians of old.

3. Recognition will be accorded by the government of France to the *de facto* partition of Algeria. The Army will be little inclined to follow orders to move against this European enclave, particularly if it is founded on republican principles. And popular feeling in France, conceding a measure of right to the settlers, will rush to endorse the settlement.

This plan, if it fairly represented Salan's intentions, is, to be sure, not airtight. The Army might not react according to prediction. De Gaulle might prove a much tougher nut to crack than the subversives suppose. Genuine civil war might break out in the *metropole* before any "period of reflection." The politicians, suspicious of Salan's professions of "republican legality," might easily rally to the General again as a *pis aller*. Finally, the threat of foreign intervention and its unpredictable consequences cannot be overlooked.

A Crescendo of Terrorism

Salan and his partners are biding their time, doing all within their power to create objective conditions that would be most favorable to their success. This time they are determined to "know how to wage a *guerre révolutionnaire*": indiscriminate terror to achieve publicity and create doubt and apprehension; assassinations of selected individuals to command respect and force reprisals from the forces of order; administrative subversion to gain intelligence and demoralize the legitimate regime; infiltration and duplication in parallel form of the existing social structure; wide distribution of propaganda to confuse and to tempt loyalties to the maximum; diffusion of false information to frustrate counter-intelligence; psychological action to implant slogans in the mind of the average citizen.

The frequent usurpation of the wave lengths of France V (Radio Algiers) during recent months in order to broadcast statements by Salan, Gardy and others was an act that pointed to both daring and hidden complicities. The repeated orders issued to the people of Algiers and Oran to shut their shops, make some kind of noise, or observe silence during specific hours have created a kind of rhythm, the rhythm of discipline, which the authorities have thus far been powerless to check.

The anniversary of de Gaulle's second referendum (January 8, 1962) came and went with a dress rehearsal demonstration by the SAO – which was definitely not playing its hand too fast or too openly for the mere sake of an emotional occasion. The city of Oran was in a state of near-anarchy in January, with troops of the regular Army poised on the outskirts ready to intervene if a truce with the Algerian nationalists was announced: workers were striking, not for higher wages but for protection the government was not in a position to provide. Salan called for "mobilization" and for the stocking of food. His order for a 15-minute voluntary curfew on January 24 was obeyed with grim solidarity by the Europeans of Oran, Algiers and Bone. Bombings, raids on casernes and banks, the seizure of a printing plant, interference with scheduled air flights were some of the instruments of the struggle. Over 500 died in Algeria last month; Archbishop Léon-Etienne Duval pleaded futilely for compassion; the situation deteriorated toward internecine race war.

By the beginning of February the Secret Army Organization was conducting its private plebiscite to keep Algeria French. Its activity had seemingly drawn the French Government and the *Gouvernment Provisoire de la République Algérienne* more swiftly into each other's arms. The latter declared that "all problems can find their solution," and its cabinet was alerted for continuous session. But the bombings continue; innocent bystanders are maimed or killed; demonstrators in the *Place de la Bastille* are beaten up; the ugly face of terrorism shows itself in Paris as well as Algiers.

As President de Gaulle spoke on February 5 (blanketed in Oran by the "ghost" voice of Gen. Edmond Jouhaud, Salan's lieutenant) of being ready to take the "necessary exceptional measures," the question in the minds of most was not *if*, but *how* and *when* the next, the ultimate, rebellion would break out, and what (or who) would follow.

GEORGE A. KELLY *is a Research Fellow in the Center for International Affairs at Harvard University.*

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Leonard Woolf's Gay Days

by J. M. Edelstein

At the age of 82, after a long career as publisher and editor, and as author of many distinguished works on political and economic subjects as well as literature, Mr. Leonard Woolf's is an enviable youthfulness and keenness. He also has a seemingly effortless way with words which is beautiful and spellbinding. But his voice is from another world – a world which historically is not very far off, but which in temperament and in spirit is so far removed from today's as to seem archaic. My impression, however, may be due to Mr. Woolf's charm in convincing us that in the London of his boyhood and at the Cambridge of his day it was bliss to be alive and to be young was heaven, that everything in those days was new and full of hope and the future belonged to the young and the brilliant and the wise.

Sowing
An Autobiography of the Years
1880 to 1904
by Leonard Woolf
(Harcourt, Brace; $4.50)
Growing
An Autobiography of the Years
1904 to 1911
by Leonard Woolf
(Harcourt, Brace and World; $5.95)

He is an excellent raconteur. The account of Beatrice Webb in *Sowing*, disputing intensely with Woolf about prayer, is not to be missed:

> "She seemed to get angry that I mildly maintained my opinion, and marched up and down the room arguing almost violently. Indeed, up and down she marched faster and faster, and as she whisked herself round at each turn faster and faster, talking all the time, suddenly at one of the whisks or turns something in her skirt gave way and it fell on the floor entangling her feet. She stopped, picked it up, and holding it against her waist, continued her march up and down, never for a moment interrupting her passionate argument in favor of the teaching of religion in schools."

In *Sowing*, in particular, which recounts the years from Mr. Woolf's birth in 1880 to 1904, when he left England for seven years with the Colonial civil service in Ceylon, the vignettes tumble over each other – the mad Swinburne appearing in hat and cloak in the door of a barber shop; Lytton Strachey with his legs twisted into a "Strachean knot," and the other Stracheys playing croquet; Henry James toppling over in his chair and completing his flowery conversation, without interruption, from the floor; Desmond McCarthy making the great G. E. Moore of the *Principia Ethica* laugh; the first electric moments with Virginia and the Stephens.

However, Leonard Woolf, in the fashion of everyone who writes about these dazzling figures, except for those who dismiss them entirely, treats them as if they were demi-gods, not as if they were human beings. Bloomsbury and the Cambridge of pre-Bloomsbury days were cliquish sects of a glamorous mysticism, filled with people all of whom were beautiful, rich and charming, all with high ideals and intellectual achievements. Their very civility was a heresy in the late days of Victoria; it was then, as it still is, considered a mask for a sense of superiority. To defend this elite, even to describe them justly, has been beyond Mr. Woolf, not because he saw them too closely, but, rather, because he himself believed in their ideal and was, perhaps, confused by it.

But if Leonard Woolf's outline of his generation often seems too innocent, his autobiography is very good indeed about himself. The masks beyond which he could not see his friends were worn by Leonard Woolf as well. Throughout these reminiscences, the words "carapace" and "façade" repeat themselves again and again. With echoes of Tolstoyan Childhood, Boyhood and Youth, Mr. Woolf writes with almost crushing sincerity:

> ". . . I soon developed a carapace, which, as the years went past, grew even thicker and more elaborate. The façade tends with most people, I suppose, as the years go by, to grow inward, so that what began as a protection and screen of the naked soul becomes itself the soul. This is part of that gradual loss of individuality which happens to nearly everyone and the hardening of the arteries of the mind which is even more common and more deadly than of those of the body. At any rate, I certainly began to grow my shell at St. Paul's about the age of fourteen, and, being naturally of an introspective nature, I was always half-conscious of doing so. What the façade hides or is intended to hide in other people can rarely be known with certainty, and the psychoanalysts would hold that it is even more difficult to know what lies behind one's own. I suspect that the male carapace is usually grown to conceal cowardice. Certainly in my own case, I believe, the character which I invented to face the world with originated to a very large extent, in fear, in mental, moral, or physical cowardice. It was the fear of ridicule or disapproval if one revealed one's real thoughts or feelings, and sometimes the fear of revealing one's fears, that prompted one to invent that kind of second-hand version of oneself which might provide for one's original self the safety of a permanent alibi. When I said above that I was half-conscious of doing this, I did not mean that I did it deliberately; I did

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it instinctively, but, being introspective, was half-conscious that a mask was forming over my face, a shell over my soul."

or, as he writes in another passage:

"The fact is that at the age of 10 I was a fully developed human being, mean, cowardly, untruthful, nasty, and cruel, just as I was at 20, 50, and 70. And when I observed my companions' actions or caught a glimpse of their thoughts behind the masks of their faces or the curtains of their words, I recognized in them the same intimations of immorality. Yet at the same time there was in all of us – or nearly all of us – I am sure, that animula, vagula, blandula, the gentle, eager, inquisitive, generous, vulnerable guest and companion of our bodies which seemed to have little or no connection with that other tough guest and comrade of the same body."

Thus, about himself, a sensitive and clever young man moving out of the last decades of the 19th Century into the beginning of the 20th Century, Mr. Woolf is open-hearted and open-minded, revealing an intensely personal and likeable human being. The end of *Sowing* is unforgettable, with its picture of Woolf, 24 years old, standing in the October murk and fog of the docks at Tilbury, on his way, alone, to Ceylon, with nothing from his old life but the Oxford Press miniature edition of Shakespeare and Milton in four volumes, the beautiful 18th Century edition of Voltaire, a going-away present from Desmond McCarthy, and a wire-haired terrier under his arm.

Growing is entirely taken up by Leonard Woolf's seven years in the Colonial Service in Ceylon. ("I was a very innocent, unconscious imperialist. What is perhaps interesting in my experience . . . is that I saw from the inside British imperialism at its apogee, and that I gradually became fully aware of its nature and problems.") It is a fascinating account of a young man's adventures in an exotic land where everyone lived as though he were a character invented by Rudyard Kipling; it should also be a valuable record of what the British civil servant, especially if he was hard-working and conscientious, did in the East. Mr. Woolf managed pearl fisheries and tried to stamp out rinderpest, an infectious disease of cattle; he presided over a divorce court, witnessed hangings and floggings, entertained visiting celebrities like the former Empress Eugenie of France, chaperoned religious pilgrimages, went on leopard hunts, played tennis and bridge, endlessly, got lost in the jungle, rode his bicycle when not in an ox-cart, and endured bouts with typhoid and malaria. It is in this volume, even more than in the first, that Mr. Woolf's engaging literary skills are most prominently displayed; in particular, in his descriptions of the heat, the rain, and the routine; the melodrama of tropical nightfall, and the beauties of the Indian Ocean.

At one place in *Growing*, Mr. Woolf says that he may not complete his autobiography; he is not alluding to his age, and, thereby, he almost spoils it all. For, attractive as they are, these two volumes are just a preface: what we really want to read about is the author of *The Voyage Out*, *Orlando* and *To the Lighthouse*, Bloomsbury in its heyday, the founding of the Hogarth Press, and the unbearable fears of madness and a shattered world. The 256 pages of *Growing* are frustrating in their postponement of the story that matters most in Leonard Woolf's life: the famous marriage to Virginia Stephen and a life of letters among the most illustrious writers in England.

The Promised Wasteland

by A. K. N. Crutcher

A second look at Vance Bourjaily's first novel, *The End of My Life*, initially published in 1947 and now back in print, suggests that there was at least one man around then who was alive to the mood of those days when jazz was holy and everyone knew a Communist named Benny.

What Bourjaily tells is a tale of Everyman needing significant ends for his life and achieving only an end. Bourjaily's Everyman, Skinner Galt, leaves college to drive an ambulance for the British Army in the Middle East. Before going overseas, he has an interlude of love in Greenwich Village.

The End of My Life
by Vance Bourjaily
(Dial; $4.50)

Cindy, the girl in the picture, has been compared with Catherine Barkley, but there is more to her character than the spellbound acquiescence that is the beginning and the end of Hemingway's heroine. If it is not ultimately as memorable as the love story in *A Farewell to Arms*, it is because Hemingway, the superior stylist, gets more out of less by sheer verbal virtuosity. Bourjaily's lovers talk more than Hemingway's however. They exchange whole paragraphs, usually about whether or not life is worth living. Cindy, a large-hearted girl who believes in love and the theater, and retains a sentimental attachment to God, would like to convince him that it is, but even in the midst of their idyll, Skinner hungers for the abyss. They part tenderly, and Skinner goes forth in search of further negations. He makes three friends, sees a few of the horrors of war, and begins tearing down his relationship with Cindy on the presumption that "Things always end. And I'd rather see them go up quick, in flames, than fade slowly and rot away."

His quest for personal annihilation ends when he drives a young nurse to the front for some Russian Roulette type sightseeing. A German plane strafes the ambulance, the nurse is killed, and Skinner, sentenced by a court-martial to a year's imprisonment, enters upon a death-in-life from which not even Cindy – who makes a last effort – can save him.

By way of epitaph on himself and his generation, Skinner says, "We were war-born . . . the war made us," but if Skinner was war-born, it was not his own experiences that shaped him. It was Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Eliot, and the rest who brought him up to

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believe in an integrity of emptiness. Bourjaily is nowhere more discerning than in his revelation of the peculiarly literary sources of Skinner's romance with despair. The most exciting minds and spirits this young man encountered were full of zeros and proud of it. Beyond an occasional bittersweet irony, they made no concessions to the affirmative possibilities of life. Yet so compelling was their vision that a young man like Skinner went to the real world only for confirmation of what they had told him. His reactions to love and war were fixed long before he had experienced them.

This is not the end of Bourjaily, however. The reissuing of *The End of My Life* is a reminder both of how considerable his talents were to begin with and how far he has come in developing them.

Perhaps the weakest parts of *The End of My Life* are at the same time the most original and interesting – Bourjaily's attempts at what might be called ideological comedy. In this book most of them are about as heavy as WPA sculpture. Three novels later, however, Bourjaily is able to produce some wonderfully funny vignettes of ideas in motion. Nobody, including the new comedians, has fully mastered the social comedy side of ideology as we live with it today, but the best people (notably Mary McCarthy and Peter DeVries) are trying, and one can imagine Bourjaily ending up among those who succeed in this area. Book by book, he is losing his hold on futility.

In *The End of My Life*, his hero's spiritual suicide is entirely gratuitous. In *The Hound of Earth*, which followed *The End of My Life*, the hero also commits himself to a death-in-life, but this time for reasons – he has discovered that he helped to make the first atomic bomb and craves expiation. One feels that this reason is simply a cover-up for avoiding the triviality of happiness; nevertheless it is a reason.

In *The Violated*, all the characters end up badly, but in no case is their destruction self-inflicted. They are simply overwhelmed by the brute circumstances shaping their characters. And in Bourjaily's most recent novel, *Confessions of a Spent Youth*, the hero, Quince, shows signs of actual survival. Like Skinner, Quince goes to college and to war, but Quince's experience includes more of everything in the Beat tradition of really heavy drinking, marijuana, experimental crime, gonorrhea, and Black Masses. And there is another difference: Bourjaily seems to have decided that "to him that is joined with all the living there is hope: for a living dog is better than a dead lion."

At any rate, we find Quince committed in the end to living. We find him rejecting not one but two tempting and surely disastrous marriage possibilities. We find him learning the beginnings of a kind of husbandry of his own emotional resources, noting gravely the extent to which debaucheries can blunt the natural capacities for feeling. As we leave him, he seems to be through with hashish and not even drinking very much.

Bourjaily is nostalgic for boyhood's cleancut nihilism, but Limbo is lost to him, and the loss should be the gain of us all.

Mankind's Animal Heritage

by Charles Burton Marshall

From Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis* one may learn about the disciplined method of lions hunting, the courage and tactical skill of baboons hunted, the ingenuity of English great tits stealing milk, the geometric precision of fiddler crabs digging abodes, the hierarchic sedateness of jackdaws choosing mates, and numerous other recondite phenomena of the animal kingdom – all recounted with vivacity and distinction to form a book ten times more interesting and, I am sure, immeasurably more authentic than Ernest Thompson Seton's wild-life accounts, which entertained and misinformed me as a boy. Ardrey's purpose, however, lies far beyond romancing over nature's wonders – entertaining as he makes them. The focus is on man. The custom, following Aristotle, is to portray man as a *political* animal. Ardrey, shifting emphasis, explains man as a political *animal*. He tells about the phalarope, the kob, the rock cod, and sundry other creatures in hope of getting to some of the truths about ourselves.

African Genesis
by Robert Ardrey
(Atheneum; $6.95)

A main thread, appearing again and again, is Raymond Dart's theory of man's descent. Dart, an Australian who settled in Johannesburg as a professor of anatomy, was the discoverer in 1924 of the Taunge skull – a relic from *Australopithecus africanus*, a carnivorous ape inhabiting the Lake Victoria region in the early part of the Pleistocene age close on to a million years ago and, according to Dart's theory, man's immediate ancestor. *Australopithecus*, by this theory, used antelopes' humerus bones and various beasts' jaws for clubs and brass-knuckles in doing in his prey, thus preceding man in weaponry. Dart's theory accounts for the emergence of man as response to requirements as killer and predator; "every human distinction – buttocks, feet, erect posture, use of tools and weapons, reduced canines, the big brain itself – was a selective answer to the killer imperative," as Ardrey puts it.

With a playwright's and statistician's versatility, Ardrey sets about to vindicate the Dart thesis against the skepticism of many authorities in prehistory. He regards it as well on the way to "the high sky of approximate truth" and does his best to help it along with an impressive analysis of probabilities based on the distribution of fossil bones found in a cave with the Taunge skull. He works up considerable enthusiasm for a view of man as

"Some months gone, *Secretary Ribicoff hectored the college presidents of the Association of American Colleges for not demanding more spoils from the federal treasury. Well, now a good many of them have gone over to the high and noble policy of Gimme. But anyone who has read Newman's* Idea of a University *ought to write this day to his congressman, asking that our House of Representatives refrain from killing colleges with kindness.*"

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primarily, essentially, and hereditarily a hunter and battler inextricably devoted to the possession and perfection of weapons.

He attributes error to Darwin's emphasis on selectivity in mating as a factor in survival of the fittest and to Freud's preoccupation with sex as primary in human motivation. In the animal kingdom, Ardrey insists, mating is a secondary matter, and the big thing is mastery of territory – to be able to hold it against all comers of one's own kind. This, he argues, is the frame of security, order, authority. The underlying universal truth, in his view, is the need of the group, on some basis of identity and hierarchy, to be able to call an area its own, subject to its control and susceptible of being entered on its terms alone. All this, emphasizing linkage between order and organized violence, he explicitly carries over to the human situation – with chilling implications for a dozen theories of humanity's innate goodness and for expectations of universal, perpetual peace. "Were a brotherhood of man to be formed today," says Ardrey, "then its only possible common bond would be ignorance of what man is." For what counts in world affairs, he would recommend study of *West Side Story* rather than the UN Charter.

A reader unversed in prehistory finds Ardrey's portrayal of the Dart hypothesis more explicit in asserting *what* happened than clear in explaining *how* and *why* it did so. It strikes one as somewhat arbitrarily selective to declare one aspect of human behavior, excluding others, to reflect man's *real* character. A wholly cogent theory of man's nature should account for all aspects. I am no more sure of the logic of citing jackdaws to explain man than I am of citing man to explain jackdaws. Moreover, *Australopithecus* and his armory give small guidance for the predicament growing out of the achievement of weapon systems too prodigious for rational defense. Yet I strongly recommend the book.

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THEATER

Strindberg: The Victor and the Vanquished

Creditors, while no Strindberg masterpiece, is a fascinating Strindberg document, and an excellent guide into the labyrinthine imagination of this extraordinary dramatic genius. Superficially, the play looks like a misogynist tract written in a Naturalist vein; but the surface is utterly misleading – *Creditors*, like most of this author's work, is tempered by a profound psychological and artistic dualism. Strindberg himself was well aware, in more lucid moments, that his hatred of women was "only the reverse side of my fearful attraction towards the other sex." Conditioned by a passion for his mother ("an incest of the soul," he called it), Strindberg was fiercely ambivalent towards every woman he loved, often suspecting them of monstrous sexual crimes, while venerating their maternal qualities with almost religious fervor. The erotic side of the woman, awakening his desire, awakened his jealousy, hatred, and incestuous guilts. But even the adored mother-woman was a kind of enemy, since, in dominating him, she reduced him to a weak and impotent dependent. In order to combat the passive, "feminine" pull of his own nature, Strindberg, during his "Naturalist" period, assumed the pose of the tough, embattled male. His typical hero is a Hercules, destroying the woman with his superior strength, or destroyed by her superior cunning.

Creditors
by August Strindberg
(Mermaid Theater)
A Passage to India
by Santha Rama Rau
(Ambassador Theater)
The Aspern Papers
by Michael Redgrave
(The Playhouse)

With everything rather paranoically related to the sexual war, then, Strindberg's "Naturalism" was the artistic expression of his masculine impersonation. For, since he associated religion, supernaturalism, and subjectivity with the female, and science, atheism, and objectivity with the male, he apprenticed himself to Nietszche, Darwin, and Zola, and designed his drama to be ruthless, disciplined, and scientifically impartial. After the Inferno crisis, however, when Strindberg's resistance to the female in himself was finally broken and women became the central characters of his work (idealized into female Christs), his approach became more openly subjective and compassionate, his forms fluid, and his themes religious. Yet, even before this conversion, Strindberg's subjective Romanticism is obvious; and it is incredible that his earlier plays can ever be mistaken for authentic Naturalist documents. They are more like wild, irrational nightmares, which – despite their realistic apparatus – more often verge on the hallucinatory and surreal.

Creditors, more prosaic than *The Father* or *Miss Julie*, illustrates no less effectively Strindberg's pathological tendencies, and the way he transformed these, by a process of exorcism, into art. On the surface, it is a domestic drama in the French manner about Adolf, a weakling artist, Tekla, his coquettish wife, and Gustav, her former husband. By concealing his identity from Adolf, Gustav gains a powerful influence over him; and, making Adolf eavesdrop from the next room, he compromises Tekla, exposes her infidelity, and thus reduces Adolf to a

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helpless epileptic. On its most obvious level, then, the work is a tragic-comic revenge play, marred by structural crudities and plot incongruities, but distinguished by its ironic insights into the character of a devious, amoral woman, finally forced to pay the piper.

Beneath this realistic surface, however, run strong autobiographical eddies, whirling towards psychological depths. For the domestic trio of *Creditors* recalls the relations of Strindberg, Siri von Essen, and Baron Wrangel, her first husband. Like the couple in the play, Strindberg and Siri initiated, while she was still married, a "spiritual" relationship which eventually turned adulterous. And though Wrangel was actually indifferent to his wife's affair, Strindberg imagines him returning, "like a creditor who knocks at the door," to punish them both for their transgression. The literary source for this is the myth of Tristan; the psychological source is the family romance, where the father emasculates the incestuous son for his relations with the mother. In the punishment of Tekla-Siri, however, Strindberg undoubtedly identifies with Gustav-Wrangel, supplementing his own weakness with the other's "awful strength" in order to revenge himself for Siri's real or imagined crimes (this partial identification with the paternal strong man is also clear in *The Father* where the leading character, like Wrangel, is a robust Captain of the Guards). Thus, if Strindberg is a Hercules conquered by Omphale, in *The Father* – and if, in *Miss Julie*, he imagines himself the victor over his female adversary – in *Creditors*, he has a double function, being both avenger and victim, and combining paranoic fantasies with profound, pre-Freudian insights into the roots of his psychic obsessions.

Paul Shyre's production, like his adaptation, is not very satisfactory. Though the play was designed for an intimate theater, this performance is public and declamatory; and the actors – with the occasional exception of Rae Allen (wheedling, shameless, cruel, and magnetic as Tekla) – rarely plumb the weird surrealist depths of the characters. Yet, I suppose we must be grateful, even for productions like this. They may encourage the formation of a permanent Strindberg theater, without which an appropriate Strindberg acting style will never evolve – and without which, I suspect, our present theater will continue to be tepid, anemic, and flat.

Passage to India and *The Aspern Papers* are both honest but unsuccessful attempts to turn good books into plays. Santha Rama Rau's contribution to the Forster novel is a pair of shears and mucilage: her adaptation seems less to be written than to be cut out and glued together. Since she has excised the author's narrative – with its cool, qualifying intelligence – whatever was subtle about the book has now become external and melodramatic, while Forster's rather colorless dialogue is forced to function beyond its capabilities (only Dickens and Joyce, among English novelists, could create dramatic dialogue, and even theirs is not intended to further action). Nor does the living theater help things much. The designer's concept of the Marabar caves (as papier-mâché lumps) lessens our imaginative awe of them; and while Gladys Cooper is an ideal Mrs. Moore, Eric Portman (an actor never famous for emotional warmth) plays the humanistic Mr. Fielding in a cutting, superior way which makes him seem to be patronizing Aziz. Worst of all, Miss Rau has blunted the point of Forster's book – that no Westerner, however sympathetic, can grasp the complicated otherness of India – so that the conflict now is less between two nations, separated by vast cultural differences, than between stupid English bureaucrats and innocent Indian victims. This, I should add, is a fault of emphasis rather than omission; but without some original manipulation by an adaptor, a play like this is apt to seem merely a bowdlerized and vulgarized version of the novel.

Michael Redgrave's adaptation of James' novel fails on other grounds: it is too vague and sluggish. Each scene divulges a single fact, on which the curtain usually falls, while the rest is

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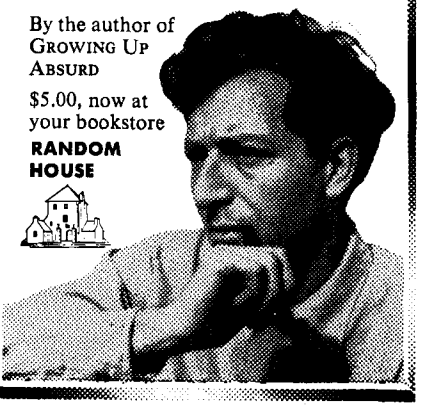

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filled out with Venetian atmosphere and comic interludes by Italian servants. The most serious flaw, however, is a blurring of James' moral focus. We do not sense the gradual corruption of H. J. (the narrator of the book) in his obsessive quest after the dead poet's literary remains – partly because Redgrave has had to confine the action to a single set (thus skipping the scene in which the narrator attempts to steal the papers from under the bed of the dying Juliana), partly because Maurice Evans plays the part like a bubbly elocution teacher on a treasure hunt. Françoise Rosay, however, is quite wonderful as the mummified remains of "the divine Juliana," and Wendy Hiller, as Miss Tina, has such elegant oriental bone structure and such fine control of vocal tone (her words escape from her like flowers bursting into bloom) that these limited visual and aural rewards were almost quite enough.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

The Real Reserve Mess

Sirs:

S. L. A. Marshall's attempt to describe "The Real Reserve Mess" (January 29) completely misses the mark. The real mess in the original mobilization was that men were recalled, whose military skills, if any, were long forgotten, although they had family and financial responsibilities, and although (in many instances) they had previously served two or three years, while many millions had never served. The current mess is that the reserves are still on active duty, although their uselessness is acknowledged by the Army itself, and although the drastic cut in the draft has vitiated whatever propaganda effect the mobilization might have had. It should be noted that this mess must be laid solely at the door of the administration. When Congress authorized the call-up, the Committee Reports stated that the draft should be increased, then six-monthers called, and only then those who had served longer periods. Secretary McNamara had represented that this was his plan. Yet, in practice, these priorities and promises were ignored.

Having spent the last fourteen weeks on active duty as a result of the current mobilization, I have a considerably less sanguine view of the military capabilities of the reserves than Mr. Marshall. The reserve program is not merely useless, it is a serious detriment to our defense program, since it diverts money, equipment and the energies of the regular army to the fruitless task of making soldiers of men who come from, and only wait to return to, civilian life. The reserves who go to weekly meetings sit around listening to the same old lectures from army lesson plans, watch old war movies, push papers, clean weapons and harass their subordinates. They are no more ready for active duty after years of this than a potential draftee who has never worn a uniform; indeed they are less so, since the latter is younger, healthier and without the family responsibilities of most reserves. Unit training is meaningless, since units are far below strength. Some of those which were recalled lacked two-thirds of their prescribed personnel and much of their equipment. Only the upper ranks, where the financial incentive and the prestige factor are high, were close to strength. It is they who represent the strong vested interest whose power (acknowledged by Mr. Marshall) is one of the two reasons why the reserve program has been maintained despite growing recognition of its military weaknesses. The other reason is that the notion of a citizen army has a certain democratic appeal, raising nostalgic images such as the Minutemen at Concord. There are doubtless those who believe, for the most idealistic reasons, that a civilian reserve is an important counterweight to the professional military. However, it doesn't work that way.

The Army's response to the thousands of legitimate objections to the mobilization was typical. First, it denied their existence and claimed morale was brilliant. Next it calumnized the reservists who wrote their Congressmen as "gripers" and even "subversives." Finally, it tried to solve matters by infantile public relations gimmicks

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such as the fatuous "Why Me?" booklet and Secretary McNamara's letter to reservists' dependents, which as some of my colleagues' wives said, merely added insult to injury. What the Army did not do, and has not even tried to do, is to deal with the causes of the severe miscontent: the inequity of the call-up and the tragic wastefulness of its perpetuation. The undersigned was liberated when the Army (uncharacteristically) admitted that it had misclassified him (and at least hundreds of others with prior service). But over a hundred thousand reservists are still kept on, without knowing when they and their families will be permitted to start life again.

George Kaufmann
Washington, D.C.

Civil Defense

Sirs:

I have recently read *The New Republic* issue (January 15) on civil defense. Although I agree almost entirely with its criticism on the present thoughts and planning which are being carried out in this field, I do not agree with some of its conclusions. I believe that even though the uncertainties so well summarized in the last paragraph are very real, they do not indicate that civil defense is impossible or useless. This is particularly true for the enormous portions of the country which would be outside the areas of primary attack. It seems to me that instead of adopting the view that nothing is possible or reasonable, one should ask what in fact can be done and attempt to see that it is done.

I also feel that the comments on "think factories" show some confusion and also some unnecessary bias. I wish to comment only on two factual points. The first is the confusion between universities and non-profit organizations such as RAND in quoting government research expenditures. You are, I am sure, aware of the very different nature of the support to RAND-type organizations and to universities. The second point made implies that the large-scale loss of personnel from government laboratories is to be attributed to the existence of the non-profit organizations and to the higher salaries which they pay. I am sure you know that by far the largest part of this loss is to industrial organizations, which typically have a considerably higher level of salaries than is true of the non-profit organizations.

Keith A. Brueckner
Institute for Defense Analyses
Washington, D. C.

Goa

Sirs:

Your remarks under the heading "Aggression By India" (December 25) made painful reading – not because they underscored any truths but because they highlighted the fact that even in intellectual and liberal circles in the United States conformism seems to be prized virtue and a splendid asset. Goa was not a "minor irritant" to Free India but a major affront and whatever might have been Mr. Nehru's alleged motives in seeking to liberate the enclave from Lisbon's hold the event involved Indian national sentiment in a deep way. One wonders how Americans would have reacted if a part of Florida was under some European colonial power! It is clear that the American annoyance with Nehru stemmed from misplaced notions of "anti-Communism.". . . As for your view that the Indian government will have to pay a "high price" for the anti-Portuguese action, I wonder whether you realize what a heavy price the United States has already paid because of the hysterical condemnation of New Delhi's action. Thanks to American "diplomacy," the Soviet Union has become in Afro-Asian eyes the prime "defender" of colonial victims. Being pro-American has become a very embarrassing predicament for genuine democrats here.

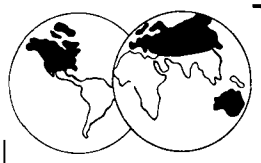
Ashwini Kumari
Bombay

Correction

Sirs:

I fear that a typographical error confused the sense of a parenthesis in my review of the Adams and Hamilton papers in the January 1 issue. The parenthesis should have read "(and, in counteraction, a resort [not retort] to Hamiltonian government charged with Jeffersonian purpose)."

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
Washington, D. C.



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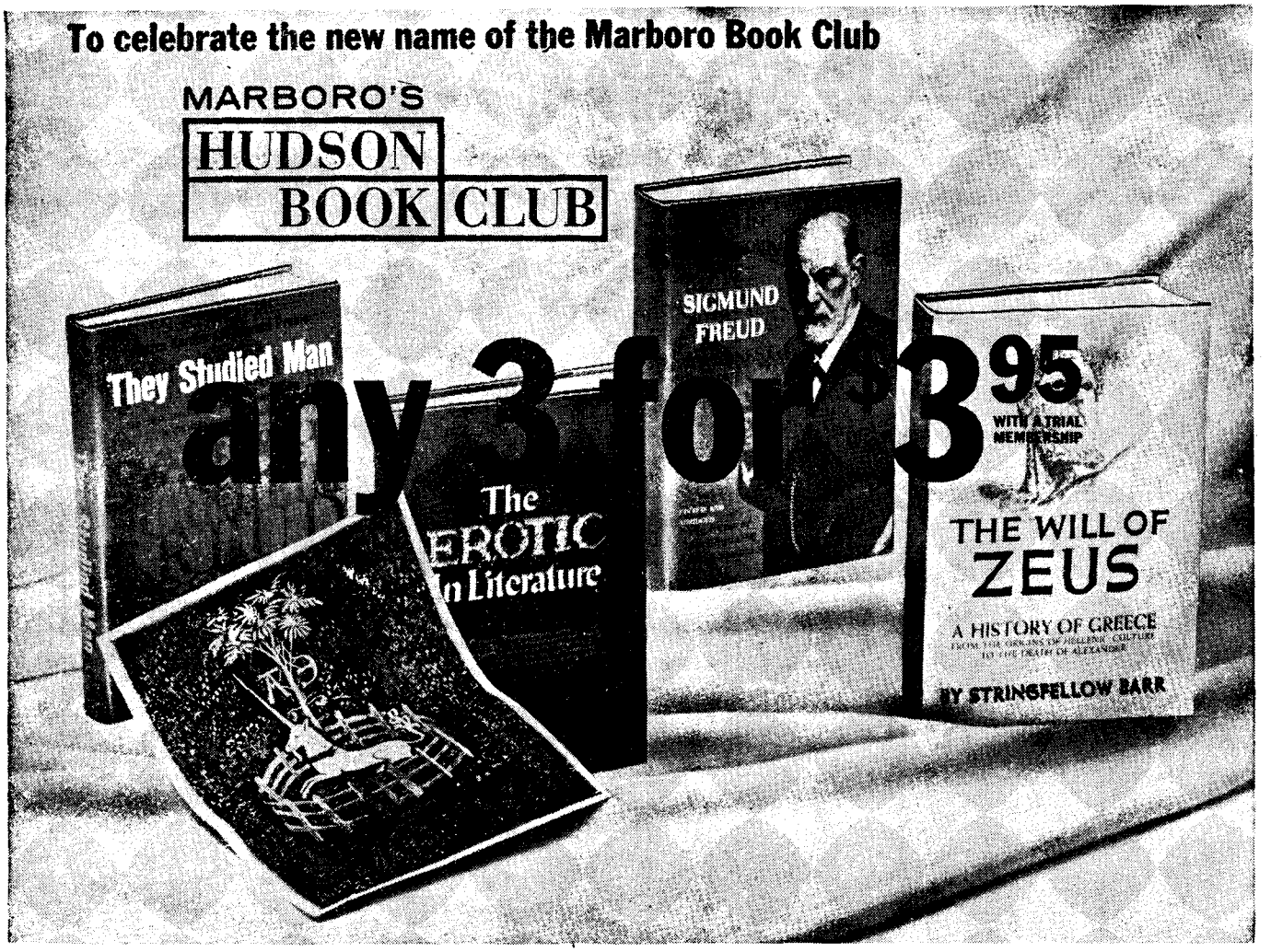

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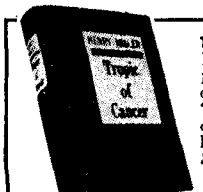

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